

Lexington Caucasian.

The Tilton-Beecher has taken a d-d of a turn, when Best Butler is called in as the spiritual adviser of one or both.

A rabid dog bit the leg of Radical Governor Hartranft, of Pennsylvania. It only hurt Hartranft a little, but said that dog out as flat as a mackerel.

The booby boys of Baltimore have dropped the snake in their delirium. Their boots are filled with comet tails and their whisky with fool oil.

At Altoona, Pa., a few days ago, young Dumm, in the act of shooting at a squirrel, put a "c" in his brother's name, for the latter died in two hours.

The lion and the pig have laid down together, and possibly a little child shall tread them. At Berea, Kentucky, July 15, George L. Figg was married to Miss Rhoda Lyon.

The Carlists deny the Madrid statements in regard to their atrocities. In a play the two factions can't get mad enough to rid the world of each other totally and forever.

De Deum laudamus! Thank God for even a few drops of water to moisten our drouthy parched tongues. Thunder, lightning and heavy rain, at 4 o'clock this morning.

For sale cheap at a bargain—Some high-priced Phalaris pews and shoddy stock in Plymouth synogogue, and a lot of choice "No-hiding" pre-emption rights in Beecher's Radical New Jerusalem.

Butler has got over on the Tilton side of the Beecher business. When it's all over, he will be able to add to his stock of table-wares some more articles with other strange initials on them.

The St. Louis Globe complains because only one man has been hung under Wood's administration. We think it would be better if there had been two executions, and the editor of the Globe the other one.

The St. Louis Illustrated Dispatch has a little gag of \$500 a week over receipts, as a memory for its late publishers to mope upon in their lonely hours. If so soon it is done for, what in thunder was it begun for?

A brace of South Carolina white scalawag state senators have taken unto themselves as wives, a pair of colored linen spongers and smothering-up pushers. These colored women must be possessed of some faculty, or such life companions would cause them to blush.

It is said to think of the number of people out of employment in this unhappy country. At least \$50,000 poor devils, throughout the dis-Union to-day, are denying their willingness to accept anything from a government or sheriff, to a constable or dig-pit.

In Portland, Maine, the East, there is a ripple of novelty. The baby actions of the sons of Plymouth are being kidnapped and held for ransom. The market rises as high as \$20,000 for a baby. But there are mighty few Portlands who will pay that sum for the return of a stolen child.

The St. Louis Globe calls Col. Colman that "little black chattering-box," who is deluging the state with an ocean of talk. The main difference between Colman and the globe's party leaders, is that they deluged the state and country, not with talk, but blood, thefts and all manner of sound-drems.

Ye who are prone to a complaint of the corruption of both parties—meaning thereby to befool your own nest falsely—chance is offered you, if you are true-blue Democrats, and honestly intend to act with the Democracy in this election—to take charge of, purify, and run the Democratic party of Lafayette county. Turn out at your voting precincts, and appoint your delegates to the county convention.

Rev. R. H. Miller, of the Methodist church, Rev. Ralph Pennington, of the Baptist and fourteen members of their congregations, in Carthage, were arrested, Thursday of last week, for riotous singing and praying in the streets. The persons were fined \$50 apiece, and costs, and the women were mulcted somewhat more right to make their religion a nuisance, than their dead cats, garbage piles or wild slops.

The Beecher-Tilton affair has about expended itself. It grew worse daily, till it could go no further in that direction, and now the scandal has been so thoroughly fastened upon the blood-and-thunder man of God, that he has subsided. The investigation only made matters worse for the gutter-literate. To his other crimes he has added falsehood, libel, perjury, Mrs. Woodhull, an angel belonging to his lineage, will, hereafter take rank as a prophet and forerunner.

When Lexington's Radical, oratorical post-master deftly challenged any man of all the five thousand Democrats at Wellington barbeque, to say he was an endorser of Silas Woodson's administration, not one voice responded. Two or three old chaps, in mumbled whispers, declared, if Woodson hadn't done any good, he hadn't done much harm. Rather humiliating that so great and good a man as Woodson should have a single avowed friend in a ten-acre field of Democrats as many as supporters to the hundred thousand constituents, as he has waris on his coat.

Some individual held forth, last Sunday evening, in the Baptist meeting-house, a Glasgow, on the questions: "Is there any God? What does he do? Where is he? What does he do?" We can count our eyes, and answer all those questions with our hands tied behind our back and our ears pinned across the top of our head. Yes, there is a heap of Devil. He's the daddy of lies and of Hell-fire. He's all over this country, but headquarters is Washington and Jefferson Cities, with branch offices in every village and hamlet, court-house and capitol, from Cape Cod to Corpus Christi. And he runs the Radical party, Grant's administration and Beecher synogogues. Next, ask us some harder ones.

Old Peterson, of the Brownsville (Saline county) parent-union Banner, has joined the Third Party movement in his county. He has drifted to his affinity. He is himself only one-third of a chaper. Poor old, bit-ter skinned boy, whose knee and arm joints have been twisted for better or ill by years of cotton twine, a delightful wrench he to talk about corruption in the Democratic party. He may never have been bought himself, but then men only buy such articles as have either an intrinsic or extrinsic value. The truth is, Peterson has lived on pay ever since he came into the world. If he has been too old to observe the dollars, where the nickels were spread out, it is no fault of the Democratic party. Nobody would own this tape-wormy and dyspeptic creature, and feed him for his work. No other than a millionaire could afford it.

ABUSES! ABUSES!

The Need of Reform.

The Democratic Party, the Only Agency Through which it can be Effectuated.

The diseases of the body politic call for the most decisive remedies. The first great evil which underlies our elective system, is the wanton and reckless corruption of the representative principle, the purity of which is a sine qua non, without which the whole system must inevitably decay and ultimately perish.

This great country is to-day riddled by the caucus, and the caucus is without wisdom, patriotism, integrity or honor, and is as purchasable as the beef in the shambles, and its actual purchase almost as common.

The spirit of party, ever the bane of free government, is sure to second and back the nomination of the caucus, and the purchasable suffrage of the country is safely counted for him who will venture the greatest sums of money in corruption and bribery.

The person thus chosen at an enormous outlay of money has himself been so degraded and corrupted that, in turn, he is ready to sell the administrative power in the government with which he has been invested, to the greatest monetary or commercial monopolies, which have arisen out of unwise legislation throughout the land.

Thus the whole administrative authority of the government has been selected and put forth by the caucus and convention; and the people, who in a free government should be everything, have in fact become nothing under the ledger-main and ambidexterity of these disfigured, wretched traffickers in suffrage. Is it too much to anticipate the actual sale of the presidential office in the national convention? Have we forgotten the sale of public office, of the imperial purple of Rome? Have not the best men of our country been compelled to retire from public life by reason of the universal and wholesale bribery which prevails in the caucus convention and election? Can it stop short of anarchy and national ruin unless sternly, promptly and forever checked? Can this relentless flood of corruption, which has swept over the land, be dammed while the suffrage at the ballot-box is purchasable? Can it be arrested in its mighty career, while the whole administrative authority of the government, both state and federal, is in the hands of the chosen idols of the bought-and-caucus-convention? It were worse than madness to expect it. Away then with the caucus-convention, and let the people themselves cease to be ruled and enslaved by the dishonest political cabals. This government was organized under the Constitution of the United States, and the constitutions of the several states. It is the party of suffrage and the virtue of the people. If these foundations fail, the polity established under the constitution must surely perish and that speedily. The constitution divides the administrative power of the country between the general and the state governments. All power rightfully residing in the federal government is the gift of the Constitution of the United States. All power not denied by it to the states, nor given by it to the general government, still resides in the states. To preserve this equilibrium of power is to continue, in its original vigor and virtue, the governmental foundations of our forefathers. To the immortal honor of the Democratic party, it found the federal government under the first Adams, convulsed almost to revolution and civil war, by the destructive policy of the "Alien and Sedition Laws." It wrested the administration from the federal party, and the career of the United States to national grandeur continued with gigantic strides, until 1850, when in commerce, manufactures and navigation, this country was second only to England, the richest nation upon the globe. The two hundred millions of continental debt had disappeared; the treasury of the republic overflowed with gold; the honor of the country was everywhere recognized and respected; the total annual expenses of the government, under the strain of the Mexican war, reached only \$80,000,000, which was then regarded as unprecedentedly large; the country was prosperous everywhere; and our commerce was rapidly gaining on that of Great Britain; when the administration changed hands, and again returned to the Opposition. The "Alien and Sedition Laws" were the first favored measure of the Opposition to Democracy; the civil war was the second. And this second measure has been the most destructive and pernicious in all our national history. It has brought shame upon the American name, and struck a death-blow to civil liberty and representative government everywhere. It has reduced our foreign commerce to a shadow. Our merchants have been driven from the high seas. Our treasury has been emptied and bankrupted. A colossal pyramid of debt has been erected, which, in its monumental proportions, will ever be a "national badge of slavery," till its utter annihilation and repudiation. The overthrow of the constitution of the United States and of the states; the dishonor of the federal judiciary; and war upon the executive department of the government; the increase, by hundreds of millions, of the expenses of administration; a corruption of the federal administration equal to that of Rome; and the slaughter of hundreds of thousands of American citizens; are but a few of

THE GREAT BARBEQUE.

Clay Township Covers Herself with Glory, Dust and Candidates.

Anywhere from 1500 to 25,000 People Present—Half of Them Candidates.

Thursday, July 30, was the memorable day. Wellington and Clay township had killed their fattest oxen, calves, sheep and porkers; had made ready their feast; and sent their invitations flying all over the state to bid the multitudes attend.

The morning dawned cloudless, radiant, hot. The dust was fatumous, and flew, white half-circles at a time, on the slightest provocation of breeze or wheel. The sun had scarce climbed into view above the oriental tree-tops, till the tide of picnickers began to flow in from every high-way and byway, street, lane and back-alley. In wagons, buggies, hacks, omnibuses and wheelbarrows, on horses, mules, oxen and orthodox Masonic billy-goats, they streamed along every road that led Wellington-ward; and by ten o'clock, the whole Sweet Spring country was one vast gala-day, Sunday-dust beehive.

Every part of the state was represented. Candidates were thicker than Mosie locusts and lice in Egypt's day of sin and tribulation. Here were Dan. Bates, candidate for constable of Clay township; Jake Conner and Gus Webb, candidates for county recorder; E. A. Dulin and L. B. Gordon, would-be county clerks; H. L. Barksdale and C. O. Smith, aspirants after the circuit clerkship; Col. Geo. S. Rathbun, Thos. B. Wallace and Judge Eldridge Burden, who would all like to be probate judges; G. M. Montjoy, Wm. D. Chandler, J. A. Graham, Lewis P. Green and M. W. Withers, none of whom would specially object to the sheriffship; Capt. Bob Scott and A. E. Biewert, intensional assessors; R. E. Ireland, who looks cross-eyed at the county treasury; W. A. Gordon and Lewis Neale, each of whom thinks himself just the man for collector; John B. Clark and Vince Marmaduke, who are casting longing eyes at congressional arm-chairs, back-salary chances and speculative opportunities for immortality; John T. Heard and Ezra Hickman, secretaries of state in desire; Joe Mercer, who wants to be state money-bag holder; George Veal, who thinks a senatorial job would peculiarly become his style of beauty; and Silas Woodson, the great gubernatorial play-out who imagines, with truth, that he could fill Carl Schurz's seat, but unfortunately overlooks the fact that he would fall far short of filling his hat; and perhaps 500 other gushing patriots, all eager to sacrifice themselves on the altar of their country, anxious to serve the dear people and rifle the dear people's innocent pockets. For half a mile in all directions, every tree and shrub was a hitching-post, and countless vehicles and steeds gave the woods the semblance of a mighty camping-ground. Every citizen of old Clay seemed to consider himself a special committee of seven to see that nothing was left undone to promote the enjoyment of the myriad of guests. McCalland, Renick, Connor, Ragland, Kincaid, Ward, Heston and a score of others were here, there and everywhere, directing, assisting, introducing, playing h-o-at generally. And a more unmingled joyous affair never occurred in Western Missouri. The strains of our Lexingtonian hymns reverberated in the tones of vagrant melody, and the umbrageous boughs of grand old forest trees, echoed from the crags and murmured sweetly in the valleys. Innocent rustic lads and lassies, by the hundred, in their Sunday-go-to-meet finery, were earnestly engaged in loggery, swing, each other's head, and danced over the velvet sward, and mingled like the soda-pops in quantities unmeasured by formal city rules. The dinner of barbecued meats, bread, pickles, pies and all picnicking was abundant for a thousand men, and was present. The speeches by Woodson, Jim B. Clark, Veal, Marmaduke and Heard were passable country politician efforts—only that and nothing more. Not one great, national measure was suggested. Not one grand, statesmanlike, broad, comprehensive glance at the affairs of the country, at large, was given or taken. All the orations were commonplace talks on petty local questions. But, taken all in all, the day was a big success; a gratulating bannerily over the biggest crowd, the most bountiful and the most perfect order and the most stifling dust, we've seen for years.

TOLERATION.

There is no subject on which the human mind has expended greater energies and zeal than that of religion in its varied forms. Yet, how little advance has been made in the great lessons of toleration. Of the 1,350,000,000 people who inhabit the earth, it is a fact that less than 375,000,000 belong to Christian countries, and this fragment of the human family is divided into Christians, Jews, Infidels, and those belonging to no particular creed or sect whatever. The Christians are divided into numerous sects, agreeing in the necessity of redemption through our Savior, and disagreeing in regard to a hundred doctrinal points and modes of worship.

This, in the general distribution of the human family, gives to Christian countries about the ratio of 28 persons to every 100 who belong to lands pagan or unchristian. When the Roman Empire extended from the walls of Antiochia to Mount Atlas, from the Pillars of Hercules east beyond the Euphrates, and on the north to the right bank of the Danube, and left a trail of blood and comprehending within its jurisdiction the whole of the Mediterranean Sea, then it was, in the early part of the 4th century, that Christianity was invested with the imperial purple in the person of Constantine the Great, and when the vast Empire fell to pieces, it had become the religion of all the countries contiguous to the Mediterranean.

About the year 600 after Christ, Mohammed arose in the deserts of Arabia, and began to preach a strange new religion, unknown to religion before it, which he called Islamism, and which he called Mohammedanism; then turning its course to the south of the Mediterranean Sea, and hugging its southern shores, carried desolation into the Pillars of Hercules, and crossed the Gibraltor, gave the name of Gibraltar to those ancient landmarks. Thence moving in a resistless column toward the Pyrenees, it conquered Spain and crossed into France, where, in the year 732, a great battle was fought, which determined whether Christianity or Mohammedanism should be the religion of Europe; and in Italy, the invaders came to the very walls of Rome. One hundred years after Mohammed, his successors were the most powerful military chieftains of that age.

The human mind ever restless under fetters, shows a great aspiration, in this day, to transcend its ancient experiences in religion and find the means of communicating with the other world through the medium of still more covered cases and agencies. Yet throughout the vast space of time, how little has been learned and practiced in our differences with our fellow men, who doubtless feel equally on the eternal highway to the mansions of eternal rest, and who are equally bound to differ with ourselves, though moral hair's-breadth were a mortal sin. Brethren, let the whole world of history, full as it is of the shifting and changing, in doctrine and practices of religions, teach us tolerance, moderation, lenience to others. We may be wrong. They may be right. The judgment day will be a scene of infinite surprises. Many a pretentious saint, rigidly fastidious in his outward acts and ways, will be found to be a poor heterodox devil, practising all the most of his ability the great principles of humanity, charity and forbearance, will be found present among the radiant and joyous throng.

SOUND.

Our noble old friend, Gen. Jas. Shields,—the hero of Chertanooga, the senator from two great states in the palmist days of the republic, and the man that gave Stonewall Jackson his toughest tussle in the Valley,—was invited to address the Law 800 picnic crowd, last Thursday.

In a letter regretting his inability to be present, he offers these sterling sentiments: "The principles of the olden time will save us. What we need now is more courage and tried integrity to carry out these principles. The Democratic party of Missouri has an important duty to perform. Public economy must be substituted for public extravagance to save the state. No third party can do this. The Democratic party can do it, but to do it, we must make a vow to put no man in office but a man of life-long integrity. Let us take no man on trust. Honesty is the quality most needed now. A Democratic party is just as much a Republican party as a Republican party is just as much a Democratic party. The coming election in the state ought to show the country that the Democratic party is a party of honest men, and that there is no man who will have more than honest men to rule us."

DELEGATES.

At the primary meeting in Davis township, yesterday, the vote stood 73 for Rathbun for Probate Judge, to 28 for all others. The delegates were Harvey J. Higgins, Wm. Bestie, Samuel McCog, James J. Ellis and Capt. Hugh Smith.

DELEGATES.

"Order!" intervening communication will appear next week.

STATE HASH.

Races in Sedalia, August 15.

Five thousand persons were present at the Eastern City horse race, New York, open next Tuesday, and continues two weeks.

Jefferson City has burglars—outside of the Penitentiary and the Capitol. Maryville is declared to be "looming up." What town in Missouri is not?

Andrain county is out of debt, and Carroll has surplus funds in her treasury. The railroads in Andrain county pay \$30,444.38, annual taxes, into the public till.

Samuel T. Burgess, a merchant of De Kalb county, committed suicide last Thursday, by hanging.

Four thousand Democrats rallied at Windsor last Thursday. Colman, Crittenden and Phillips made the chin-music.

The smelting works of O. S. Pitcher, near Joplin, were blown up and completely destroyed Monday last week, by a lot of explosive miners.

We learn that there were about 6,000 persons congregated at Lawson yesterday. Among the speakers were Cook and Hardin, two of the foremost gubernatorial racers.

Jesse Todd, a ninety-eight-year-old, was killed at California, Friday of last week, by a train on the Pacific road. It is said to see the young and beautiful thus prematurely cut down.

Pat Fitzgerald was killed last Sunday night, a week ago, in a bar-room at St. Peter's, a place nine miles from St. Charles. The murder was unprovoked, and John Clark and Charles Augustine have been arrested on suspicion.

Thermometer at Jefferson City, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week, from 100 to 104 degrees in the shade, and coolest looking. Giving some of the official dwellers thereabout, a foretaste of their everlasting future.

Blair, of the Booneville Eagle, has gone to St. Louis to confer with the bosses of the Radical party, about the internment of their paper still-born, the unchristened paper. Concerned in inquiry and born in debt, dead, and ready for the political pot.

Doc Taylor was in Sedalia, last Monday, charged with house-breaking, abduction and passing counterfeit money. Near Tusculum. He is a graduate of Jefferson Medical Institute, Philadelphia, and served during the war in Jenkins' Fourteenth Virginia Cavalry.

Col. John B. Hale, of Carrollton, is mentioned by the Journal, in connection with the gubernatorial nomination, but, we understand, would accept it if offered to him by the Democratic party. Col. Hale is one of the purest men and staunchest Democrats in the state.

The ladies of Booneville feed the editor of the Advertiser on "elegant cocoa-nut cakes, handomely iced, with beautiful and tastefully arranged bouquets of flowers in the center, accompanied by bottles of pure Port wine." That shall not cover by neighbor's cocoa-nut cake and rich, but we can't help their inward feelings, that the Booneville and Lexingtonian styles are so widely different. The only cocoa-nut cake a Lexington editor ever received, was a "Port wine" in disguise; the only Port wine, the gall and vinegar of ill-natured tongues.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Union Pacific depot at Omaha will soon be completed.

A hook-truck convention was held at Put-in-Bay Tuesday of last week.

W. W. Alexander, a prominent citizen of Paris, Kentucky, died Tuesday of last week.

Orville West, formerly of Georgetown, Ky., was shot and killed in Charleston, Ind., July 30.

Illinois makes valid, by law, the marriage of children—male bachelors of seventeen to girls babies of fourteen.

A large number of Mononites from Russia, arrived through Omaha last week, bound for the interior of Nebraska.

Old "Bunker Hill" roll-call! Toombs and 72-pounded Archibald, of Georgia, have toured the paper basket and made peace.

Colonel Susan B. Anthony, flanked by the virgins, Woodhull and Claflin, is a witness against the great puppet liberte.

An Irishman and a German, worthy laboring men, were assassinated while asleep by side, in New Orleans, during the night of July 10.

Tennyson says that Miller is the greatest American poet, and Miller says that Tennyson is the greatest English poet. How now that let!

The White Leaguers are organizing with wonderful rapidity in the Southern states, and with many of the old dominant spirit of ante-bellum times.

A man named Pakho was killed the other day, in Philadelphia. They ought to have let him alone. No man with such a name could live a day.

A speculative Englishman is generally a speculative fool. One has turned up who is to establish a paper in London.

Friday of last week, the thermometer at Hastings, Nebraska, marked 110 degrees in the shade; and yet, at night, it was too cold to sleep without a blanket.

The other evening, a Chicago man saw one of his sweetest's stockings hanging from the clothes line on the house top, and mistook it for the tail of a cat.

In a drunken row near Concordville, July 19, Henry Fichtmaster showed himself a master in fight, by cutting Fournier's throat with a pocket-knife.

A barrel of beans was shipped the other day from New York to the Grand Duke of Russia, to gratify a taste acquired by the young man when he was in this country.

Two vessels lately collided, telescoped, in the sea of Japan, and frated the fish to a breakfast of two hundred tons.

A lot having an area of 3,210 square feet, in the midst of the business portion of London, was recently sold for the sum of \$720,500, a foot, or \$100,000 for the lot.

The great Plymouth libertine is preparing his account of how the thing was done. He intends to add falsehood and perhaps perjury, to give publicity to his future peritential paper.

The riggers of Cuba are rising in arms against the Spanish authorities, and the patriot cause is moving on. It is said that the Spaniards are about to evacuate the whole eastern department.

The hottest-headed cold-blooded type-er ever heard of was the lunatic, Jay W. Ferguson, who committed suicide, the other day, by jumping into a vat of boiling lye, in Becker's soap-factory, New Orleans.

Becker's friends say he will not survive the fall of his good name; that he is afraid to die, and has long contemplated the act coolly, believing it is justifiable under certain circumstances.

A great forty-horse power Methodist camp-meeting is in full blast at Sen. Clig

OUR NEW COMBINATION.

What They Say of It.

[From the St. Louis Democrat—Wed. July 30.] That new firm, consisting of three corrupt Bourbon papers and one professedly Republican, threatens to get up a "straight Republican ticket" for the fall. Let the Globe advertise it, Duman take the stamp for it, and the most expensive Collector on earth (\$50,000 a year) act as treasurer of its funds, and, of course, "all free Republicans" will make haste to support it stoutly.

[From the Saline County Progress, July 31.] THE LEXINGTON CAUCASIAN. Before the editor of the Lexington Caucasian works up another moral lecture for our journalists, and Pharis-like, thanks his God that he is not as other men, would it not be well for him to know that he is eating what he sows, when he pretends to name editors whose conduct is of the character he complains of? His reference to the Progress is without any foundation whatever in truth—a thing which would impair the force and beauty of his essay here, from this community no little.

[From the Saline County Democrat, July 12.] SATAN KEEPING HIM. That grand master in the art of handling epithets, who guides the destinies of the Weekly Caucasian at Lexington, undertakes, in his last week's issue, to administer to us a severe castigation for what he is pleased to consider the "unpleasant discord existing between the Democrat and the Progress." Our friend uses some pretty strong language, considering the object he has in view—to calm and heal existing discords—nevertheless, withal, he has no very potent argument that we cannot take in his good part and answer him mildly. The Progress of last week gave him such a tremendous "scot-sopping," that we have no doubt he feels very kindly towards it; still, if he had read the controversy in question, he could not but see that in our part, we would reply very kindly upon us, warranted. Without the slightest provocation or premeditation, the Progress, several weeks ago, launched out into a vile, personal, slanderous and malicious attack upon the Democrat and all its attaches. Is Col. Duman of that class that sits quietly down, after he has been slapped, and meekly turns the other cheek? We think not. We are very sure that he would not have been so very doubtful allegiance to the Democrat party at all, for a long time, and in the most inoffensive manner, set upon by the Democrat, as he is now being treated, as the shining witness to which the whole Democracy of Saline must turn for counsel and advice, until he is completely at last become intolerable. It has all the time been leading to a "third party," and at the same time clamoring frantically to be heard as the controlling voice in the Democratic party. The editorial on the "new party leading and the progress," proves the movement, in its last issue, that the Democrat party, in its address which embodies a most villainous and false attack upon the Democrat party. Call upon the people to demand the Democracy, and establish a new party. Since its grand personal attack upon the Democrat, the Progress has been steadily now. As great an antipathy as the Progress has to all sound, true Democracy, we doubt if it was the soundness of our Democracy, that chiefly animated his onslaught upon us—but the fact that the Democrat was, and still is, contemptuous in power and influence. We have shown him up politically, because we are satisfied his leadership is a disgrace to the party, and he is still, as so contemptuous and today in the councils of a party where both good and bad taste would call for the day when he made his unwarranted attack—and, tried Duman, if you will, induce him to be more modest in the future, we will let him alone.

LEXINGTON TOWNSHIP MEETING.

The Democrats of Lexington township met at the court-house in this city yesterday afternoon at two o'clock, calling John R. Ford to the chair, and electing a double-barreled secretary, in the persons of George Catron and Virgil Keene.

After some confusion and a multiplicity of irrelevant motions, it was resolved to go into an election of thirteen delegates to the Democratic County Convention which is to meet in this city today, for the nomination of a Judge of the Probate Court.

The following delegates were selected: Messrs. Joe B. Neal, Orlando Bradley, Jas. Smith, Thos. Austin, Wm. H. Chiles, Jas. Young, John Johnson, Wm. Allen, Tilton Davis, John Reid, Dennis Garvin, Robt. Austin, Xen. Ryland.

IN REMEMBRANCE.

[From Louisville (Ky.) Daily Herald, July 17.] One month since, death entered the family circle of a most estimable and worthy citizen, a man of high character, and one of the most successful business men of the city. His name was John B. Hale, of Carrollton, Ky. He was a native of Kentucky, and had spent his entire life in this city. He was a man of high character, and one of the most successful business men of the city. His death was a great loss to the community, and his friends are deeply mourning his loss.

[From the Lexingtonian, July 17.] The funeral services for the late John B. Hale, of Carrollton, Ky., were held at the residence of his wife, Mrs. Hale, on Monday last. The services were conducted by Rev. J. B. Hale, and were attended by a large number of friends. The remains were interred in the cemetery at Lexington.

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